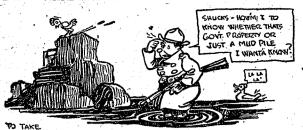
MILITARY MANNER - YES ON

7 ACQUATICS

ORDERS GENERAL SUNNY FRANCE IN







TO BE ESPECIALLY WATCHFUL AT NIGHT AND ETG-

ARE YOU'SE HOMESTLY A OFFICER SIR!

CERTAINLY I'M AN

OFFICER YOU INFERNAL RECRUIT- ARE YOU F

MOST USELESS THING IN ALL FRANCE

"On several other occasions he sent us

Christmas he sent us \$100, being par

of the Carnegie Company, which he steered our way. I have just received a

letter from him, stating that he expects

to be with us about the middle of January on a visit. I have sent him and Mr

the annual Christmas contribution

THIS WARNING PERTAINS PARTICULARLY TO PRIVATES NEVER SLAP AN OFFICER ON THE BACK, (ESPECIALLY WHENC DUTY) AS THE ENSUING EVENTS WILL MOST HATURALLY RESULT NA SUDDEN ATTACK OF INCARCERATE BRIGULUM WITH ATTENDI BESIDES, IT IS NOT BEING DONE IN THE BEST ARMIES

LO BROW, YELLOW MAN, SCATTERS WHITE HOPES

Fifteen Americans Overcome in One Two Three Order by Coolie Laborer Who Knows Not Graeco-Roman Style

stler, Chinese style, who turned the ick. Little Lo Brow, smiling Annamite laborer, looking so innocent and kindly in his suit of over-faded horizon blue, literally took them all off their feet and brought down not the house but the velkin under which the proceedings were For little Lo Brow (sure, that's his real name-hon-est!) took on, one after another, fifteen—count 'em!—fif-cen genuine honest-to-goodness' man's size white men hailing from the United States of America, and laid them low.

Low, say you? They literally didn't have a Chinaman's chance! He bounced them off their pins as if they'd been ducks and he'd been howling the big ones author and need been bowning the oig ones at them. That half-portion Chink just waltzed-them-around-again-Wille to a fare-you-well. He took 'em all ways-feet first, arms first, domes first, guts first—and he spilled 'em. And as for catching him? He was as slippery as an eel doing the hootch-a-ma-cootch in a spill of early greens. eel doing the hootch-a-ma-cootch in a pail of axle grease!

Old Mr. Bret Harte, the Robert W. Service of his day, far understated the facts when he remarked that "for ways that are dark the Heathen Chinee is beculiar." Peculiar? He's a whole Edison laboratory of inventive genius all by himself. In short, he's a bear. And today, quite some time after the accident happened, fifteen bonesore Americans are using their air pillows as chair cushions and repeating in hopeful chorus those inspired lines of Mr. Kipling's: "The things that you'll learn from the Yellow and Brown
They'll help you a lot with the White!"

A Tri-Race Field Meet

A Tri-Race Field Meet

They learned a good deal about the yellow man and the brown mud, did those 15 who went up against little Lo Brow in the course of the wrestling matches, Chinese style, that were far and away the features of the first international Caucasion-African-Mongolian track and field meet over run off on French soil. They learned that it doesn't take a Julius Caesar or a Napoleon or a Fred Funston or a U. S. Grant to prove that a little man can be there with the goods. Little Lo Brow proved that to their entire satisfaction; and he wasn't an emperor or a general or anything—just a common or garden variety of coolle laborer imported from the French provinces in near China to do his part, under American engineers' direction, toward nailing the Kaiser's lie about the Yellow Peril.

For one thing, the Yanks got wise to the fact that a diet of rice and decayed fish and sour bread can produce as good a fighting man as a diet of beefsteak and boiled spuds and Boston Prides and real whole wheat. But the principal thing they gleaned from that memorable afternoon's encounter was that, in

whole wheat. But the principal they gleaned from that memorthing they gleaned from that memorable afternoon's encounter was that, in basic principles, Chinese and American wrestling are as different as William J.

wrestling are as different as William J. Bryan is from Admiral von Tirpitz. In American wrestling, so-called for the sake of convelence, you have got to get your man down so that his two shoulder blades touch the ground or the mat, whichever happens to be under him when he topples. In Chinese wrestling you've got to do no such thing. All you've got to go is to got him off his feet—somehow, somewhere—and the minute you've done that, the decision is yours.

Wising Up to New Style

It was little Lo Brow, champion went off to one side, to watch the result of the forthcoming match. In his bethe tip to the man who followed him. Whacko! Down he went, too.

By this time the rest of the Americans scheduled to take Lo Brow's measure were getting a bit nervous. It was all as new and strange to them as English currency at first blush. They shifted unessily as one after another went down, zuzuzzuzzuzingling! just like that, upon the portion of his anatomy destined by nature for such downsetting. And down they continued to go, while all the while little Lo Brow smiled and smiled and smiled the inscrutable smile of the Orient. were getting a bit nervous. It was all

Rushing Things Helps Yellow Man

them all over the lovely French andi-scape.

Then, it is greatly to be feared, some of the boys started in to play rough.

They tried to grab little Lo Brow by the hair; but since queues have been for-bidden ever since China was made safe for republicans, not so very long ago, they were out of luck, also out of hair. Lo Brow's dome was as minus on the out-side as his name might imply it was on the inside—which latter condition is de-cidedly not the case.

Plush On His Ribs

Plush On His Ribs

They tried jabbing him in the ribs—but found his ribs were well plushed with blubber and they couldn't get at 'em through those human shock absorbers. They tried rushing him low, but since Lo is of an ultra dachslund build they just slipped and slid on their faces for their pains. They tried feinting, waving their arms and legs around in the air, but little Lo only feinfed back, to the great amusement of his backers. They tried to grab him by the ears, but after they found his didn't have any lobes, they gave that up.

When the whole fifteen had bit the field, and held a council of war. Then, all in a body, they trooped back and sought the referee interpreter.

"You put up another wrestler as good as Lo," they told him, with several qualifying adjectives, "and we'll guarantee, if he rassles Amex rules, to shove his shoulders right through the ground home to China!"

Nothing daunted, the Annamites furnished a champion, little Ab Hell (sure,

his shoulders right through the structure home to China!"

Nothing daunted, the Annamites furnished a champion, little Ah Hell (sure, that's his real name, or as near as our reporter could get it), about the same size and caliber as Lo Brow, and apparently just as husky. To be fair to him, the Yanks had the interpreter tell him all about the American rules and even demonstrated, with two of their number, just how they were lived up to. Ah Hell looked on interestedly, smiled the inscrutable smile of the Orient, showed his Vrish blood by spitting on his hands, and Irish blood by spitting on his hands, and strode into the arena.

Ah Hell Can't Pin 'em Down

Ah Hell Can't Pin 'em Down

But there was nothing doing. The American game is a waiting fame, and Ah Hell was not aware of it. He got his men down all right, just as Cousin Lo had done; but he couldn't get them on their backs. Instead, his antagonists just flopped him over with the same ease which the gentleman in Child's window exhibits when transposing flapjacks. Not once, but-fifteen times they did it, no matter how much he wriggled and squirmed and grunted and twisted. They simply pinned him to the ground every time. And thus was American honor vindicated.

In the boxing event on the program

Wising Up to New Style

The Americans who thought it a crime to take the yen for rubbing a four-by-three Chinemann's fat little kidneys in the dirt didn't know that. They weren't wise at all. They started in old style, to let little Lo Brow do the heavy work of throwing them, trusting to their superior reach and strength to roll him over and flop him proper once he had got them down. But they got fooled—fooled as regularly as Uncle Silas gets fooled by that gol-dern shell game every year at the county fair.

The first Yank let Lo Brow throw him all right; then the referee called "Time! Lo, he get um!"

"Hold on," said the Yank. "You're off there, guy! I didn't have my two shoulders a touching, did I, Con?" He looked, aggrieved, for support from the gallery.

"No makee no dliff," replied the Chinese rules referee, who spoke a pretty fair brand of boiled shirt English. "Thlow him downee, winnee scalpeet Ne'st man!"

The instruction of the condernment, the Yank Muttering his wonderment, the Yank musical event. Their band was the sole musical event.

entry, and everybody who heard it was glad it was the only one on the field. Recruited for the celebration of the Chinese New Year, that band was a fearful and a wonderful thing, capable

IN ANY CASE NOT COVERED BY INSTRUCTIONS, CALL-

fearful and a wonderful thing, capable of starting anything, even so auspicious a thing as the year 1918. It had drums made out of horsehide, kettledrums made out of the bottoms of mess tins, cymbals made from the tops thereof. Its sandshuffles—for it was more orchestra than band—were fashioned out of tar paper, filched from the rolls used in roofing barracks. The flutes, flageolets and oboes were whittled out of bamboo. The brasses were part imported, part borrowed.

Accompanying the band in its march around the parade ground were paper dragons, paper airplanes, paper bars, paper horse, paper everything. In fact, the Annamite and affiliated Chinese labor unloss treated their Franco-American

paper horses, paper everything. In fact, the Annamite and affiliated Chinese labor unions treated their Franco-American guests to a regular New Year's party—all but the champagne.

By the time the boxing and the wrestling and the preliminary heats in the dashes and the sack race—the track events having French, American, Chinese and Algerian contestants—had been run off, it was pretty near dark. Consequently, the football game had to be put over until the next day. When the gridiron rush did come, though, it was not the success that had been anticipated, for the simple reason that the Chinese seemed under the impression that it was to be played sitting down, not crouching or standing up. As their punters had never kicked a football before, they were the principal offenders in the gentle art of seeking the earth. But some of the American soldiers, against whom they were pitted had similar difficulty, owing to the muddy field, so the contest, at last reports, was more or less of a draw.

Now Want Footballs

Now Want Footballs

Now Want Footballs

The Chinese are keen for the game though, and before the visiting team of American engineers—under whose tutelage they are doing their work—left their compound, they fairly begged to have some footballs sent them, along with some boxing gloves and other sporting equipment, that they might practice up and try to beat the white man at his own pastimes. This the engineers promised to look after, for they know a good laugh when they see one, and are fairly counting the days until the next encounter comes around.

But as for their sentiments toward little Lo Brow, who, snaked fifteen of their huskies off their feet in succession, they are the same as those which Mr. Thomas Atkins, Gent, entertained toward Fuzzy-Wuzzy, namely—

"You're a poor benighted 'eathen,
But a fust class fightin' man!"

PUTS BAN ON GODMOTHERS

The American Expeditionary Force wishes to discourage the budding practice of American wowfen in "adopting" individual soldiers in France for the period of the war. The practice already threatens to choke the congested mall service and the result is delay in the transmission of important matter. Moreover, the censorship regulations forbid the men to correspond with strangers and as this rule is being enforced rigidly it is desired that the people at home refrain from putting men here in an embarrassing position, as they feel under obligations to answer such communications.

NEW YORK-

225 IN REGIMENT

National Army Team Not Pittsburgh Eleven

POKER PROFITS SWELL FUND

Out by Companies Proves Fine

Here is some interesting gossipy news from the 320th Infantry, one of the National Army regiments in training back home. It has just been received in letter from the regimental adjutant detached member of the regiment, and it tells how at least one of the ne army units employs its off hours. Inci-dentally, this particular regiment has worked out a systematic self-entertainment plan by the men, by companies. and all reports are to the effect that it has been a great factor in building up fine morale within the regiment.

"I suppose you will be interested in learning of the football season, and ome incidents of the results of your efforts in behalf of the regimental recre ation fund. (This particular fund totalled more than \$10,000 in October.) After a time all of the football equip ment arrived, and we had 225 uniformed (This regiment has a footbal of fifteen men per company.)

of Companies B and M beat all companies, but the final games between these companies were not played, as we were obliged to discontinue company games in order to devote our time to the development of a regimental team.

Play Pittsburgh Team

It was a great success

Donates Poker Winnings

forbid the men to correspond with strangers and as this rule is being enforced rigidly it is desired that the people at home refrain from putting men here in an embarrassing position, as they feel under obligations to answer such communications.

As an example of the interest certain women at home are taking in "adoptions" is an advertisement which reached headquarters, showing the picture of a pretty girl and urging soldiers without godmothers to write to a given address.

Donates Poker Winnings
"Your friend, Mr. McGilvray Shiras, continues his interest in the regiment, and has sent us contributions on a number of occasions, for instance, just before Thanksgiving we received \$40 for cobacco money which he and Mr. Carnegie Steel Company) collected, I think at a poker game, to purchase cigarettes for the regiment. We distributed them at the Thanksgiving dinner. Just the other day he sent a check for \$80, which amount was collected from

WEAR GRIDIRON TOGS

Afraid to Tackle Famed

Play Pittsburgh Team

"Captain McGraw and Lieutenant Miller and Franzheim were the chief coaches, and they turned out a first rate regimental team. They Journeyed to Pittsburgh and were licked 30 to 0 by the University of Pittsburgh team. This was tough luck, but we were up against the best team in the country and, while we had a number of high grade individual players, we lacked team work. It was the first game our team played.

"We had an inter-regimental schedule, but we played one game only. In that game we put the ki-bosh on the 305th Trains to the tune of 58-0. I am sure that we could have walked away with the Division championship; unfortunately very cold weather and quite a lot of snow broke up the schedule.

"We continued with the shows, (two every week in the regimental Y.M.C.A. loaned for the purpose); and have had some very good ones. We gave one Divisional show at the Divisional Y.M.C.A. It was a great success.

. WASHINGTON

A PACED SELECTION OF THE CONTRACT OF THE CONTR

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FINE COLLECTION OF WAR POSTERS A BACTOR AND THE STATE OF THE S

some friends of his who spent the even ing with him, and from another group of friends with whom he had a little gambling session, so he said in his letter checks which he had collected from other Ptitsburgh friends, and the day before

Self-entertainment Plan Worked **Factor For Morale**

ary on a visit. I have sent him and Mr. Whigham each a picture of our regimental football contingent—a great big picture about six feet long.

"Our Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners were very important functions. Each meal was preceded by a band concert and was followed by speeches. Far be it from me to say that the speeches were the worst part of the meal. We collected quite a number of Christmas presents for the men of the Headquartors Company, and really had some very nice things. Each man received his present just before the dinner.

"We are still in the midst of Christmas leaves. We allowed five per cent of the men to go home over Christmas, and the plan was to allow five per cent of the men to go over New Year, but a few days after Christmas we were allowed to authorize five per cent per day to go until every deserving man had a chance to see the people at home."

One of the most novel features of the School of Aeronautics which the University of Texas is conducting at Austin for the government is the training of flying men in trapshooting, says an exchange. Clay pigeons are used as targets. A unique part of the trap equipment is a high tower from which the targets are thrown, thus giving the same effect as an airplane flying in its variable courses. Each student used a sawed-off pump shotgun in this target practice. The shells are loaded with buckshot.

The establishment of the clay bird traps and the erection of the tower for the training of students in military aeronautics here was done under the direction of Adolph Topperwein and his wife. Mr. Topperwein is the greatest living fancy and flying target shot with rifle, pistol and shotgun in the world. One of the most novel features of the

SHOTGUNS FOR OUR AIRMEN

Mrs. Topperwein holds the record of all women shooters at the traps. She broke 1.952 out of two thousand clay birds in on fourteen occasions Mr. Topperwein has broken the world's record of shooting flying targets with a rifle.

7 LIB

ALIEN IN TONGUE ONLY

WALLGREN

Honts

"So you were over in England for a month or more, were you, Jake? Get along all right with the Tommies?" "Yes, y'bet! Only trouble was couldn't speak their language."

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

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